DOORWAY OF CHENEY CHURCH, BELGIUM.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, WYCH-STREET, STRAND.

The accompanying longitudinal section of the new Olympic Theatre, through pit and stage, in connection with our article and illustrations last week, serves to show the whole construction of the building, the position of the carpenters' shop and painting room, the mode of carrying the "fly floor," and the way in which the timbers that support the gallery and box floors are secured. In this particular Mr. Bushill has successfully departed from the usual course.

It has hitherto been the general practice to form the interior of a theatre independently of the external walls; i.e. to *build the enclosing walls* and to *roof the building*, in the first instance, and afterwards to construct and fit in the "horse-shoe," with the several floors and internal works. Now this, in the first place, is a more expensive process; and secondly, would seem to be a less secure mode of construction than that which has been adopted here, viz., framing and fixing all the internal work in connection with the walls as the brickwork was carried up, whereby the whole is bonded together. The section shows the ends of the timbers in iron shoes resting on the granite corbels, and the iron ties securing the ends of each timber to a second piece of granite about 5 feet long, 6 inches by 4 inches, which is securely built into the wall. Still further to counteract the thrust inwards, the floor is ingeniously framed, as already mentioned, on the principle of the horizontal truss, the side walls and the cross walls at the proscenium serving as abutments.

The stage is lighted at night from the top,—"wing-lights," the source of much danger, being avoided. There are for this purpose five "battens," each with seventy lights, which can be raised or lowered to the extent of 10 feet by means of leather connections. It is much to be desired in stage lighting that the "float," as it is still called from its nature originally, could be got rid of, or at all events be more protected than it now is. The death of Miss Clara Webster, some time ago, and the accident at the Marylebone Theatre quite recently, afford sufficient evidence of its danger.

The stops for turning off the battens, chandelier, float, &c. (all separately) are so arranged as still to leave a small escape of gas, even when shut off close, so as to avoid the possibility of fresh lighting being required. At each meter (there are two, one for the front of the house and one for the stage) there is a side junction between the main and the supply pipe, independent of the metre, only to be used in the event of accident to it,—a useful provision, for want of which we have known a theatre left in darkness for some time.

DOORWAY OF CHENEY CHURCH, BELGIUM.

This curious doorway is the principal entrance to the church of the village of Cheney, one of the stations on the railway from Tournay to Monscrou, the frontier town of the northern line with Belgium. The church is said to be of very old foundation, but the modern plasterer and painter have been at their "dirty work again," and have left little to admire.

Lille. J. L.

*** Judging from the sketch, we should attribute this doorway to not earlier than the sixteenth century. It is one of those architectural vagaries oftener found abroad than at home.

ONE ORDER OF ARCHITECTS.

Like Dame Quickly, you know not where to have him,—neither with the surgeon, ever out and on the move,—nor with the attorney, all day at the desk: he partakes of the character of each. He is the uncertain omniprésent; his, the neither here nor there of avocations. You shall call on him one day, and be told he is at York: send off a letter (important, of course) instanter, and passing his door next morning see him smoking his chibouk under the friendly shade of his domestic banian. He may say, with Hoby and Stultz, that his business is only with such as "have two *gowns* and everything handsome" about them: his business is with the wealthy and the titled. This imparts an aristocratic appearance highly admirable to his person, and a beautiful tone to his moral character. As his calling is half a fine art, half a trade,—half noble, half mechanic,—an amphibious calling, so is he the crocodile of the human race: as a youth, he devours medals,—as a man, pupils; with tears in his eyes he feeds on his kind. He is a great horticulturist, and receives large sums for tender plants entrusted to his fostering care, the which he usually allows to run wildly to seed: we could not expect him to apply expensive chemical processes for their welfare, but think he might afford a hot-bed and force to a gentle extent; they require heat and light. As a youth he is very proud—but condescendingly so—having been introduced to princes, potentates, and stammering scientifics, on the occasion of receiving sundry medals. On this point he is insatiable: coin Golconda, and he still cries, "Give, give." His dreams of things, men, and houses, are made up of them; he would wish a suit of armour fashioned out of them: with all this,—for such trifles, professedly, he cares nought. The pretty prattler talks of fame,—he works for reputation; and from his mouth proceed such dulcet sounds as "Parthenon, Palladio, Wren, chaste, ve-ry chaste, elegant, ve-ry sweet." He looks on his calling as requiring the most extensive knowledge, the most consummate taste,—on this count he has a chaos of a library, and patronizes the fine arts. He exhibits at the Academy, and revels in a brightly-tinted landscape, as Utopian as his design. He is a constant attendant at his Institute, where he is gently garrulous,—and gives a mysterious approving smile of recognition when some pedantic member quotes Latin. He has published a work, and begot children. He has visited Rome, and is delighted with everything "classical,"—considering other styles as passing whims. His house is always clean and neat; sometimes he labels it with a few statues, and an ornamental chimney-pot pining in silent solitude down the area. However little he really knows of the arts, he loves everything relating to them. He is a great stickler for workman's knowledge,—principally because he is entirely ignorant of it. He can tell you the exact fall of the steps of the Parthenon, and builds a house which is a Pandora's box to the owner. Notwithstanding all these little peculiarities we admire and love the man, and so will analyze him no further, for—he gives famous dinners. J.

Public Funds and Public Works.—It is now believed, in well-informed quarters, that the practice of annually voting large grants for public buildings will be abandoned, and that a fund, redeemable at a certain period, will be created specially for carrying on works sanctioned by Parliament; that it will be managed independently of the office of Woods, &c. The interest of the debt, and such further interest as will secure its redemption, will be annually voted by Parliament; thus securing a more complete check on estimate and expenditure. The impolicy of taxing the present generation, for works intended for many ages, is at length admitted: under the new system, works to a large amount, giving employment to thousands of artisans, may be carried on, to the great benefit of the community at large, and with a burthen easy to be borne.

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